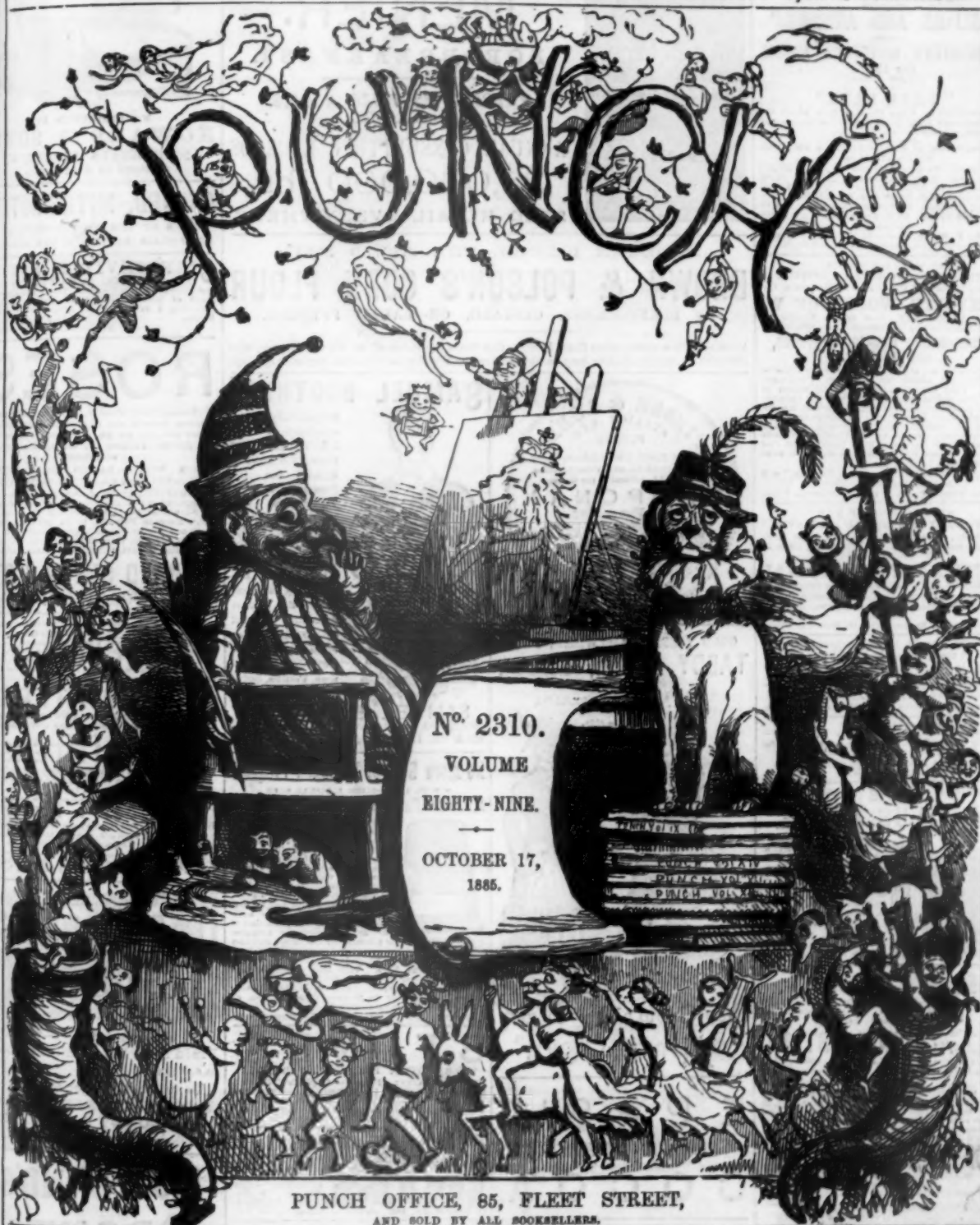


'ANIMAL LIFE ON THE FARM,' by PROF. BROWN, of the
*Privy Council Office,—being the Eighth & concluding Volume in the "HANDBOOK OF
 THE FARM SERIES," is at press, and will be published in November. 2/6.* [BRAMCOT, AGNEW, & CO.,
 BOSTON, U.S.A.]



PRICE THREE PENCE.

Apollinaris "reigns alone among
 Natural Dietetic Table
 Waters."

"EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR!"

So, Sir, I felt inclined to cry, when I saw the agile and graceful Signor ENRICO CECCHETTI proceeding by leaps and bounds, in the



THE BISHOP OF LONDON TAKING STEPS AS REGARDS THE BALLET. Lord Chamberlain (severely). I must insist on your Lordship lengthening your skirts.

ballet at Her Majesty's own Theatre, which his Lordship, the Bishop of LONDON, is expected to visit in state. On this joyous occasion the orchestra will strike up one of BISHOP'S Gleees.

The honoured name of HAWTREY, as Lessee and Manager of Her Majesty's Show, ought to be good enough for the Bishop, who



Excelsior! Going up nightly!

strikingly dramatic ballet is the *charpente* of a drama. Action before words was ever the stage rule, and it would, I think, be true to say that, *vice versa*, the plot of any really good melodrama might easily serve for a first-rate ballet.

The *Silver King* would have been much better as a ballet, without those long sermons delivered by the hero, who would then have had a chance of legitimately showing us how "romantic and picturesque" he could be on one leg (this would have been quite leg-itimate), to



No expense spared, and yet this is a Niggardly arrangement.

what "an altitude of genius" he could rise in a pirouette, and of what "fiery passion" he was capable in the grand pantomimic situations of the murder of *Geoffrey Wars*, and in the wharf store-house, where he frightens the *Spider* and his friends into fits, and then, as would

be permissible in a ballet of action, he might escape by leaping through an open window, or by bounding off a spring-board and disappearing through the skylight. If *Excelsior*—which is now attracting, and certainly its fame is spreading—is to achieve a substantial successful career, additions must be made to the numbers, and the costumes must be renewed from time to time. Its brightness must be preserved at any cost, and this outlay will ultimately repay. A ballet in Acts, no less than a drama, requires comic relief. Such a *troupe* as the MARTINETTIS, or the HANLON-LEES, would be well employed as part and parcel of its plot.

It should commence as early as a Drury Lane pantomime, and end about the same time. Our people do not want long *entr'actes*, as our theatres are sufficiently comfortable for the spectators to remain in them, instead of rushing out, as in Paris, where the audience is only too glad to breathe the fresh air for twenty minutes, take refreshments and cigarettes outside, or promenade about the *foyer* with the windows open.

One very noticeable feature in *Excelsior* is the good dancing and graceful posturing of the men. Are they all Italians from Italian Ballet Dancing-schools, or are they largely recruited from our ranks of Supers? If so, it speaks immense things for "Super"-human nature, and ought to give an impetus to all Dancing-Masters. As a rule, men-dancers, when not absolutely of first-class talent and perfect training, are either repulsive or ludicrous, or both. Here it is not so. I wish every success to this venture, and hope that Her Majesty's will establish a reputation for this class of entertainment alone, and then the title of the next ballet will be *El Dorado*. So mote it be.

This is part of an All-leg-orical Tableau, in which, the Bishop may think, there's a great deal of 'arm.

Yours, MEDIUM NIBBS.

P.S.—Since writing the above I see that Miss KATE VAUGHAN is now dancing in *Excelsior*. Delighted to welcome her again: just vot vos vaughanted. Excellent notion. But I question whether giving a *lever du rideau*, with Mr. HERMAN VEZIN and talented assistants in it, is not a mistake, unless they dance PLANCHÉ's two-act *Secret Service* as a comic ballet. This might possibly add to the attraction.

Ruminations of a Radical

On Mr. Chamberlain's Visit to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden Castle.

OUR JOE at Hawarden! What may that portend?
Leaves he it less, or more, the People's Friend?
To the four points of subtle W. G.
Will he, or will he not, postpone his three?
Hugging his ultimatum does he go
Feeling that office—yet—is not for Joe?
Or leaves he yielding, reconciled, and pardoned,
Softened at heart, in fact, by being *Hawardened*?

THE Casting Vote, lately produced, or, rather, early produced, as it is a *lever du rideau*, at the Prince's, is called by its Author a "Musical Electioneering Squib." It seems, judging only by the libretto, a very damp squib, let off by a small backward boy in the lower fourth form of the Gilbertian Bab-Ballad-Opera School. Perhaps if played after the ingenious *Pink Pearl*, which we have seen—once, we may have a chance of hearing the music. But this sort of thing is of very little use unless signed by the firm of MESSRS. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, which this squib can't say it is, without lending itself to a cracker.

THE BEARING AND THE APPLICATION.—Lord DUNRAVEN is reported to have said that "that the only thing the Tories have to fear is ignorance." Yes, but in that case some of them, who, if ignorance is bliss, ought to be very happy, would seem to have more to fear than to hope.

THE LITTLE BULGAR BOY.

A WOFUL BALLAD OF THE BALKANS.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Simpkinson of the "Ingoldsby Legends.")

*Sorrowful Suzerain loquitur:—*

It was at Philippopolis, in August of this year,
I saw a little Bulgar Boy.—I said, "What do you *here*?"
The glow upon his youthful cheek bespoke exceeding joy.
I said, "What is your little game, you little Bulgar Boy?"

He sniffed, that little Bulgar Boy, he seemed inclined to scoff;
My heart has been so often bruised, a little sets it off.
He put his finger to his— Well, my haughty bosom rose,
And I applied *my*—hem!—my handkerchief unto *my* nose.

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man, your Suzerain speaks!" I said.

"How would you like a sack, a cord, the Bosphorus for a bed?
Run home to your Bulgarian home, or I shall scold. Oh, fie!
This is a most improper game for Bulgar Boys to try."

The mockery in his little eye began again to spring;
His bosom shook with giggling strong,—he laughed like anything!
I stooped, and, 'midst his chortling low, I heard him murmur,
"Boah!"

I haven't got no Suzerain, so *that* kibosh will not wash!

"If you into your Bosphorus, to your exceeding joy,
Can land me right, then blow me tight!" (A vulgar Bulgar Boy!)
"And now I'm here, old Pint o' Beer, it is my fixed intent
To raise to diplomatic rot a lasting monument."

"Tut! tut! my little man—tut! tut!" I genially said.

"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head.
If you go breaking Treaties thus, as though they were but eggs,
Either we'll have to stretch your neck, or you to stretch your legs!"



FORWARDS!

Follower (at the Tail of the Procession). "E-H, D'YE SEE YON WEE TAM M'GOWKIE THE-B-RE! HE MAUN BE I' TH' FRONT, YE MIND, WHATEVER 'S GAUN ON!"

His Companion. "I' THE FRONT! AYE, MUN"—(viciously)—"HE'D BE I' THE HRA-ARSE IF HE COULD!"

"Go home at once, my little man, or scimitar and Krupp Will have to take a turn at you—and won't they keep it up? Don't pull the chestnuts from the fire for Mister ROMANOFF. Cut home, you little Bulgar Boy! Skedaddle, slope, be off!"

"Home?" chuckled he. "Oh, certainly, with willingness and joy! This is my home, old Bubblycock!"—a vulgar Bulgar Boy! I said, "Remember Mrs. BULL, the kindest of her sex! Will you snarl up her Berlin wool, and her kind bosom vex?"

But Mrs. BULL did not seem cross, she made but little noise. She said she didn't care to "sit on" little Bulgar Boys. She said, "Old Turkey-Cock, 'tis time you were upon the shelf. Spank him? Go to—Roumelia, and spank the Boy yourself!"

I went not to Roumelia—I didn't like the job. My purse was low; I scarce could raise what Cockneys call "a Bob." The Powers that be looked shy at me, they saw that I was riled. But said, "We can't have rows all round, so please to draw it mild!"

When I went back I gazed about—I hunted everywhere, I could not see my little foe—because he was not there: I peeped at Philippopolis, and at Sofia too, I cried, "You little Bulgar Boy, what has become of you?"

I could not see my Tribute, no!—I looked, but could not see The little fiddle-faddle sham they call my Suzerainess. I could not see my Treaty-rights—my Balkan-range—oh, dear! The whole great BIZZY-DIZZY game was a great fraud, I fear!

I could not see my *status quo*—it was not to be seen!—Nor yet my Pan-Islamic Flag, that flag—like me—so green. My Carpet-Bag, that held them all, my sole remaining joy, Is gone, for ever gone!—and so's that little Bulgar Boy!

I ran to Mrs. BULL—her SALISBURY once admired me so!—"Oh, Mrs. BULL! what do you think?—ain't this a pretty go?—That horrid little Bulgar Boy you thought we'd tied so tight,—He's stolen my things and run away!!!"—Says she, "And serve you right!!!"

"TWELVE WORDS ONLY."

(By Lightning Wire.)

To Gladstone, Hawarden Castle, Cheshire.

Delightful visit. Manifesto and Mutton Cutlets excellent. CHAMBERLAIN.

To Salisbury, Foreign Office, Downing Street, S.W.

Send next speech for revision.—CHURCHILL.

To Chamberlain, Birmingham.

Send best man's expenses. Will explain Royal Grant later.

DILKE.

To Dilke, Chelsea.

How about Royal Grants? Am writing to mutual friends.

HARTINGTON.

To Hartington, Devonshire House, Piccadilly.

Hope my young friend has convinced you.—IDDLESLEIGH.

To Worms, London.

Your assistance invaluable. Will you canvass borough for me?

BOORD.

To Boord, Greenwich.

Nothing give me greater pleasure—but am too busy.—WORMS.

To Lord Chancellor, Westminster.

Sorry must decline Indian Judgeship. Absorbing Parliamentary duties.—CLARKE.

To Churchill, India Office.

Bar-practice quiet. Send me to help WOLFF.—GORST.

To Harcourt, late Home Office.

Hope you are disengaged for the winter.—STAPLES.

To Lord Chamberlain, London.

Yes. PONSONBY can have Gaiety Matinée, Ash Wednesday.

HOLLINGSHEAD.

A SHORT HOLIDAY CRUISE.

Sporting Prospects—Seals—Nautical Terms—Irish Names—Porpoises—Herrings—Classic—The Sea-Serpent—Theories—Jelly-fish—Lotos-eaters—Calm—Fresh Arrival—Disappearance—Dinner—Nights—Row—Anchored.

STAFFA and Iona done. What next? Anything—on one condition that we don't go as tourists on an excursion steamer. We take our time to consider. Our host has made up his mind. Our ultimate



The Origin of Fin Gal's Cave.

of Robinson Crusoe I should have been! I forget the name of the island where we are to lead this wild kind of life, subsisting on what we may shoot or catch (except in the way of drink—as we cannot very easily catch Pommery or Lanson, or another nice light champagne with which our host varies the entertainment, and which I think is called Gourlay or something like it), but the Composer, who has been once before disappointed in seal-shooting and big fishing, is delighted at the prospect, and so am I.

FORD-BAMLY knows the island well. "If it's fine when we're up there, it'll be difficult work getting at the seals," he says, "and if it's bad, we shan't get a sight of one. As to fetching it at all, it's a question of time, and, if the wind's unfavourable, we may be days doing the distance." He speaks nautically of "fetching" the island. This expression takes, so to speak, the wind out of the sails of the old proverb about MAHOMET and the Mountain. Substitute "Island" for "Mountain," and then the proverb nautically stands. "If the Island won't come to Admiral MAHOMET, R.N., then Admiral MAHOMET, R.N. can tell Captain SANBALLAT, R.N. to 'fetch it.'"

However, we are not to be discouraged, and, above all, our host MELLEVILLE is not—and he has determined on the expedition. First, though, we are to go, he says, to a place that sounds to me like "Ballyhuish." This certainly ought to be in Ireland. Ballyhuish is decidedly Irish; and there's a joyous, jiggy kind of air about the name, suggesting knee-breeches, shoes and buckles, red waistcoats, open collars, blue stockings, loose tie, mis-shaped hat, shillelaghs, short petticoats, bodices, and bare arms akimbo, which are all associated with Irish peasantry at a fair,—perhaps more on the Stage than in real life, as should be from a name beginning with Bally or Ballet-huish,—the "huish" representing the shout that Pat gives in the excitement of the national dance. I regret to find on the map that it is spelt Ballachuish, and that it is on Loch Leven.

As we go along with, on the whole, a fair wind and, for the time of year, a really wonderful supply of sun, the objects of interest are more remarkable for their scarcity than any great variety. First, at intervals of half an hour between each shoal, are porpoises, whose life appears to consist in turning head-over-heels—like the dirty little boys "two wheels a penny" in streets—only that these latter do it for money, while the porpoises go on at it hour after hour, aimlessly rolling over and over, in a lazy lolling sort of manner, as if they were monotonously humming over to themselves the tune of the old chime, "Turn a-gain, Whit-ting-ton, Turn a-gain, Whit-ting-ton!" and so on all day. Do porpoises sleep? If so, having got in the habit of rolling over and over, they must still continue it unconsciously "e'en in their sweetest dreams."

Then we watch a number of youthful herrings, shining like silver, as they jerk themselves up with a great muscular effort an inch above the surface, and then sink back again exhausted. Very weak-minded of them to show how shining they are, as for this act of vanity they are punished by the gulls and the quackers, who soon show them a short and easy way of doing small fry. And not only do the glittering little fish attract the birds, but even the playful porpoise will swallow four or five of them down at a gulp if they don't get out of his way in time, and then he'll take two or three extra turns

after his meal, for the sake of digestion, as if he were chuckling to himself and saying, "Capital eating, those young herrings; capital! Over we go again! There's more where they came from! Over we go again! Always take two or three rolls with my dinner! Flop, boom, over again! Here's a lark!" Occasionally we shoot at a porpoise. But he only turns over once more head-over-heels, and rolls out of the way with a sort of "Oh, don't bother me!" movement, and disappears for a few seconds, to reappear, still doing turnovers some distance off and well out of shot.

The porpoise is a living illustration of "*multa revolvens*," which might be porpoisely translated, "Turning head-over-heels lots of times."

I do not believe that any line of porpoises, no matter how numerous, nor of whales either, whatever their size, could ever have been mistaken for the Great Sea-Serpent. If I feel certain of anything, specially while in this listless state out yachting, it is of the existence of the Sea-Serpent.

"Or of a Sea-Serpent," says the Composer.

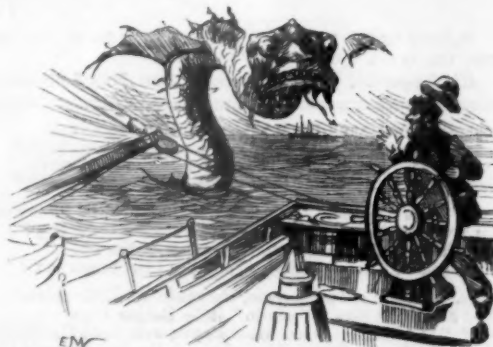
"Yea," observes MELLEVILLE, who has lately been reading FRANK BUCKLAND's Memoirs, "it is impossible to imagine that only one Sea-Serpent exists. Unless," he adds, correcting himself, "it is the last of its race."

"You can't suppose," says FORD-BAMLY, waking up and joining in, "that captains of position, crews, and passengers have all been lying for years?" Then he places his book on his knees, and is off to sleep again.

We consider this proposition silently.

The Composer is presently heard to murmur to himself that "the Sea-Serpent wouldn't be a bad idea for a Cantata," and he disappears below, carried away by an inspiration, to the piano. But the divine afflatus doesn't take him further than the sofa, and when, on not hearing the sounds of music, I look through the skylight, I see him stretched out fast asleep, with, I rather think, a brandy-and-soda, half emptied, by his side. Thus with him ends the possibilities of "The Sea-Serpent, a Cantata by CHRISTOPHER CULLINS, R.C.M."

But with regard to this marine monster, we have arrived at this conclusion, that either there is somewhere a family of Sea-Serpents—there is plenty of room for them in the Atlantic—or the one occasionally seen is the last of its race gradually expiring, and coming up to the surface now and then to give a last look round before disappearing for ever. There is something inexpressibly sad in this latter theory about the Sea-Serpent.



"Oh, please, Serpent, don't speak to the Man at the Wheel!"

Second objects of interest are the jelly-fish. It occurs to me that we must have come to the very extreme of idleness when we are sensible of the smallest excitement from watching jelly-fish.

We try to read papers, whose news is now the ancient history of a week ago: we try to write letters; begin them and leave off at the bottom of the first page. We try to read books: futile. FORD-BAMLY is the best at this sort of thing, as he takes up a book, places it on his knees where he can't possibly see to read it, folds his arms, and goes fast asleep. When he wakes up, if he feels more than usually lively, he sets to work to plait ropes-ends, and as this involves a good deal of plucking and pulling to pieces, the employment at first suggests oakum-picking as a fine art.

MELLEVILLE has by his side all his charts, maps, two sets of glasses, and a couple of novels. After a while the charts weary him, he knows the route by heart, the glasses discover nothing new, the novels he has tried on the system of "one down t'other come on;" but as most of the time is occupied in finding out where he left off when he last looked at either of them, he too gives himself up to listlessness and torpid enjoyment of the mere fact of existence, with the consciousness of becoming gradually hungry without the necessity of exercise.

Occasionally, as in the instance above recorded, the Composer

retires below, and plays the piano. This is soothing. I tell him so through the skylight, and ask him to continue. Whereupon he immediately leaves off. Evidently I have interfered with an inspiration, and stemmed.—I was going to have said "damm'd," but it does not sound polite; so, on consideration, I will say "stopped,"—the flow of genius. I betake myself to watching the jelly-fish. We try a little bottle-shooting, but everyone has become such a dead shot that there is no variety in this form of amusement. We are developing into lotos-eaters, when suddenly we are aware of a dead calm, and we are not yet within measurable distance of Ballachuish.

There is nothing for it but to put into a bay—nice quiet little siding where we can dine—but to get there we must be towed by our cutter. To be towed by a cutter sounds like being kicked by a tailor. Present this to Mr. DUMB CRAMBO JUNIOR.

During the day one exceptional object of interest to us has been from time to time the approach of a large schooner yacht, evidently bent on the same journey as ourselves. Through the glass MELLEVILLE has made her out to be the *Norseman*, belonging to Mr. BRUSH, R.A., who, the Captain happens to know, is on board, and, being very fond of it, probably sailing her himself. This will give the artist some trouble now, as the wind has dropped. We are well ahead of the *Norseman*, and in fact have lost sight of him.

We are nearing Kintallen Bay—or some name like that—at a very slow pace, the men in the cutter rowing and singing. Oddly enough their selection of songs is not at all nautical. This present one is about "Bill was a hackney coachman rare," which is a peculiar favourite with the crew, on account of its offering rare opportunities for shouting out a rough and ready chorus at the end apparently of nearly every line, with an increased fortissimo chorus to mark the conclusion of each verse. The sails are of no use. We are being towed by the musical mariners towards the bay.

What dramatic changes there are at sea!

SCENE I. (*Afternoon up to Four.*) Warm—sun—calm.

SCENE II. (*Four and after.*) Dark—cold—gusts of wind.

We are in the darkness of Kintallen Bay. One light ashore; probably cottage. We descend to dinner; always a pleasant time. Dinner just finished; noise on deck; hollering; shouting; up we go. The *Norseman*, forty tons bigger than our yacht, has arrived late, and is trying to crowd into this small bay, where we have settled for the night. Plenty of room without interfering with us or two other vessels whose lights are visible. Altercation between the Captain of ours and the Captain of theirs: *Norseman* rude, we polite. *Norseman* swings round, and nearly bumps us in the most unmannerly fashion. The *Norseman* is not behaving well, and if it hits anything, ought to select a craft of its own size and weight, and not "A weaker vessel" like the *Cressa*.

If Mr. BRUSH, R.A., is sailing it himself, as I was informed, then I say, "Better throw the painter overboard," an old jest exactly suited to the occasion. But surely an artist ought to know all about canvas. Why doesn't he adorn his own sails with his own works? On second thoughts he leaves that to the picture-dealers, who adorn their sales with his works. The difficulties and dangers are overcome: it was an exciting moment; and now we return to the saloon and, oddly enough, talk about anything except nautical subjects. We discuss chiefly city matters, and financial affairs. We burst out into stories; FORD-BAMLY tells some remarkable ones about America and Foreign travel; the Composer tells his unique experiences of the Stock Exchange; I narrate little anecdotes of half-hours with the best Brokers; and MELLEVILLE enlightens us as to what it is to be a trustee. So we go on until I utterly and entirely forget that I am on board a yacht in a small bay thousands of miles away from Piccadilly, and am only recalled to the fact that we are not in a club smoking-room by MELLEVILLE putting the end of his cigar into the ash-tray and saying, "Suppose we go on deck before we turn in."

Go on deck from club smoking-room? No—surely—why, of course. So we go on deck and have a last look at the *Norseman*, and wonder if Mr. BRUSH, R.A., is taking it easily in his berth, and if he will get out before us to-morrow morning, and sincerely hope, as there appears to be rather a gale springing up, that neither of us will get loose, drag our anchors, and come whack one against the other. So hoping, we retire to bed.

Night. Terrific noises. I pause in my reading—I listen—is it the anchor dragging?—if so—again—a pause—I listen intently—the noise repeated—no, it is not the anchor dragging—it is only FORD-BAMLY in the next cabin to me, and he has gone to sleep immediately on getting into his berth.

"APPLAUSE IN COURT."—The only Magistrate who never makes the slightest attempt to suppress applause in Court is Mr. ARTHUR CECIL in his own Theatre. This must be seen to.

SANITARY LOGIC.—Premises, Slums and Cesspools. Conclusion, Typhoid.

THE ENGLISH ABROAD.

(By One of Them.)

In these days of Cheap Excursions, when the summer-time comes round,

Many thousands of my countrymen repair to foreign ground, Where their manners, as a rule,—although exceptions are not few,— Leave a deal to be desired from a local point of view. I have watched them on the Continent through many a season past With profound humiliation; and the time is come at last When I feel that I no longer can refrain, at any price, From endowing British Tourists with a little good advice.

Lend your ears, esteemed compatriots,—ye ROBINSONS and BROWNS, Who frequent Italian lakes, Helvetic peaks, and German towns, Who recur upon the Righi, and are annually seen Huddled up in plaids, and shivering, in the chilly Engadine; Ye, whose aspect is familiar to Parisians, Viennese, Neapolitans, Venetians, Genoese, and Milanese; Let me give an useful hint or two to each and ev'ry one, As to what the Briton, whilst abroad, should do—and leave undone.

Take no notice of the persons whom you meet in boat or train, For civility to strangers goes against the English grain; If they venture to address you, look them coldly up and down With a smile of scornful pity, or a supercilious frown. Your expression will recall to them the destiny forlorn Which created them mere foreigners, whilst you are British-born; Thus incisively brought home to them, no longer will they shirk The conviction that an Englishman is Nature's noblest work!

Never raise your hats on entering a shop or restaurant, Where, enthroned behind the counter of the smart *établissement*, Sits a lady, whom the natives all salute as they come in; Such politeness, in a thoroughgoing Briton, were a sin. Speak in English to the shopmen and the waiters, by the way, They will listen with deep interest to ev'ry word you say;— Should they fail to seize your meaning, shout and swear, and "give them fits."

A few hearty British expletives will stimulate their wits!

Always carve your name, in characters indelible and bold, Upon statues of renown, reputed worth their weight in gold, And on palaces and churches, which are manifestly meant To record the patronymic of an Anglo-Saxon gent. On the very oldest Masters 'tis a truly British lark, With the point of an umbrella or a stick, to make your mark; Or to chip off, here and there, a little finger or a toe From a marble god or hero, fashioned centuries ago.

When you enter a cathedral during service, never fail At the mummeries of ignorant idolatry to rail; And you need not be too careful not to jostle those who pray, As you stride about the building in your stalwart British way. Whilst conversing with your Guide, too, never moderate your voice, But address him in a louder tone than usual, for choice; Thus the superstitious natives will be made to understand Why we Britons are so popular in ev'ry foreign land.

Whilst at meals, attract the notice of your sisters and your wives To the gobbling French and Germans, as they juggle with their knives,

And be sure that you revile the "beastly cooking," "sour wine," And "abominable service," when at *table d'hôte* you dine. Pray remember that, on principle, such observations should Be made audible to foreigners—they ought to do them good! And suppose they prove offensive, you, at least, are none the worse— For the feelings of a Parleyvoo what Briton cares a curse?

Disregard all regulations wheresoever you may go; Foreign edicts were not made for freeborn Englishmen, you know. In the station and the custom-house be blustering and bold, And on no account demean yourself by doing as you're told. Thrust your noble nationality in everybody's face, Show the Continent fine samples of the Anglo-Saxon race, Whose innate superiority to Latin, Teuton, Gaul, Is a fact that cannot fail to be acknowledged by them all!

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—On Licensing Day, permission was given, in almost every case, to Restaurants to have their dinners accompanied by music. This fashion was all very well when quite a novelty at the Holborn Restaurant, but the Restaurant frequenter has no desire to become like the Old Lady of Banbury Cross, and he told that "he *shall* have music wherever he goes." A quiet dinner will be a rarity; and the real "dinners" will be the musicians, specially the Big Drum.



THE LAST BALL OF THE SEASON.

(SCENE—Grand Hotel, Launtennsville-super-Mare.)

He, "I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT—ER—I DID NOT QUITE CATCH THE NAME——" She "Miss FITZ-MONTMORENCY."

He, "THANKS, THANKS! WHAT A PRETTY NAME! AND SO UNCOMMON!" She (haughtily). "DID YOU THINK I WAS CALLED JONES!"

He (foolily). "A—PARDON—BUT—ER—MY NAME IS JONES!"

THE CONTENTING SWAINS.

A POLITICAL PASTORAL.

(Some Way after Virgil's Third Eclogue.)

ARGUMENT.

DAMCETAS and MENALCAS, two Shepherds, after some smart strokes of country railery, and having tried their skill in a song, refer it to PALAMON, a Rustic, to judge of their performance and award the crown. PALAMON, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself puzzled to decide so weighty a controversy, and—for the moment—leaves the victory undetermined.

Menalcas . . . GL-DST-NE. Damcetas . . . S-L-SB-RY.

Palamon . . . New Rustic Voter.

Damon (referred to by Damcetas) . . . CH-ME-RL-Y.

Menalcas. Ho, Swain, what Shepherd owns you straggling sheep?

Damcetas. No matter: they are given me to keep.

Menalcas. Unhappy sheep, wide wandering o'er the plain,

Whilst you their Mistress court, but court in vain,

And fear that I her favours shall retain.

Damcetas. Bah! blunderer, is't not known, and to all men,

That you have muffed her business, how, and when?

Never again you'll win the premier prize;

Your flounderings have been watched with mocking eyes,

And in the general scorn your condemnation lies.

Menalcas. Pooh, Sir, your pipe a borrowed music plays;

My Muse you rail at, but you steal my lays.

Damcetas. Oh, you would claim all Music for your own!

The crown is mine; by singing fairly won.

A solemn match was made; you lost the prize.

Ask DAMON if his beating he denies:

I think he dares not; if he does, he lies.

Menalcas. Thou sing with him, poor mimic? Never pipe

Was so profaned to inappropriate lip.

Vain thine attempts, as soon shall be allowed,

To tickle on thy straw the rustic crowd!

Damcetas. To bring it to the trial, will you dare

Our pipes, our skill, our verses to compare?

Menalcas. Talk not of daring, boaster, but begin!

I prophesy beforehand I shall win.

PALAMON shall be judge how ill you rhyme.

I'll teach you how to brag another time.

Damcetas. Dullard, come on, and do the worst you can!

I fear you not, nor grander, older man.

Silence, ye Swains, and with attention wait,

For we have business here of high debate.

Palamon. Sing then; these fields afford a proper place.

This garland shall the happy victor grace;

The challenge to MENALCAS shall belong,

DAMCETAS shall sustain the under-song:

Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;

By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

Menalcas. From the great Sire of all the gods above

My Muse begins: all hail the Liberal Jove!

To him the care of all by right belongs,

My flock he blesses, and admires my songs.

Damcetas. Me all-conserving Phoebus more inspires;

He lights our courses and he tunes our lyres.

Your god and you your charge have failed to keep,

You've shirked your duties and misled your sheep.

Menalcas. With pelting stones persistently you plied

My flock, in pleasant pastures feeding wide,

And now my careful shepherding's derided!

Damcetas. The nymph you claimed has come unasked to me,

Glad from your feeble folly to be free.

Her mastery now is mine, and still shall be.

Menalcas. Not so. Again she'll seek my constant arms;

Loyal to the old love, yield me her charms.



THE CONTENDING SWAINS.

Menalcas . . GL-DST-XE.

Palamon . . New Rustic Voter (called in to award the Crown).

Damocles . . S-L-GR-XY.
VIRGIL'S Third Eclogue.



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Let her once more my honeyed accents hear,
She'll shrink from your harsh notes with loathing fear.
Damas. Pooh! What avails your "long and dreary" flight?
She knows you now, and shudders at your sight.
You spread your net, but I possess the prey,
And challenge you to lure the nymph away.
Menalcas. Election-day's at hand, and then she'll come,
Like a strayed dryad, to her Woodman home.
Damas. Nay, with her now I'm more in grace than you;
You'd fell her trees, her sylvan altars hew.
You and your axe she bids a long adieu!
Menalcas. Absurd! Right well she knows mine is the hand
To guard her Treasure and improve her Land,
To lop the straggling growths that bar her way,
And teach or thrill her with my tootled lay.
Damas. Nonsense! To hive, or tithe, her golden store,
To till her pastures till they yield her more,
To give Protection to her fields and farms,
Shield her from native broils and foreign arms,
My hands with yours have more than equal skill.
My pipes than yours more musically trill;
Whilst never herd I with that robber host
Who make your artful championship their boast;
Wolves by the Shepherd tempted near the fold,
Thieves by the Watchman warned of hoarded gold,
Whose hands the faithless priest dares not restrain
From ruthless pillage of the hallowed fane.
Menalcas. Who loathed the Nymph might say, oh let her be,
DAMAS, doomed to test thy works and thee!
But no, one might as well decide to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke, or shear the swine,
As link her fate with thine, or from thy rule,
For all thy sounding cry, expect much wool.
What loudest you denounce, your friends and you,
That, given the chance, most readily you do;
What hottest, out of power, you advocate,
That longest, when you sway, the Nymph may wait.
Woe to her, if she trust to care of thine
Her Land, her Gold, her Harvest, or her Shrine!
Palemon (puzzled). So nice a difference in your singing lies,
I hardly know which most deserves the prize.
Each of you pipes a more than Lydian lay.
Both of you promise lots. What can I say?
Arcades ambo! Yet, perhaps—for choice—
Well, for the present, I'll reserve my voice!

[Left considering.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Truth About the Stage, by "CORIN." Vulgarly written, uninteresting, except perhaps to a limited few, and like most theatrical memoirs, uncommonly dull reading. Truth is generally supposed to be unpalatable; but in this form it is nauseous. Who wants to be bored with the personal experiences and opinions of a, presumably, middle-aged provincial actor, probably a Blighted Tragedian? For of this and nothing more valuable does the book consist. Occasionally the writer, whoever he may be, gushes about a certain Provincial Manager, who, it appears, like *Papa Eccles* in *Caste*, has always been "a very clever man, if he had only had his chance." So high is "CORIN's" estimate of this eminent person's talents, which he seems to say have not been duly appreciated in the Metropolis, that he thinks, if there were a subventioned National Theatre, this Mr. VINCENT CRUMMLES ought to be placed at the head of it.

Now we shall argue ourselves hopelessly ignorant when we admit that, having but a very limited experience of Provincial theatricals, we have never seen this distinguished performer act. We believe that he did once, perhaps twice, it may have been oftener, appear professionally in London, but in what character (something Shakspearian, we imagine) we are not aware, and (how we now regret the lost opportunity!) never even thought it worth while to inquire. "CORIN" hints pretty plainly that the Unappreciated One ought to have a Benefit! Why not? Why should London wait? We will head the list with one guinea down—being unable to afford more in consequence of the withdrawal of *Paradox*—in order to insure for ourselves the treat which we have missed, up to now, of seeing Mr. VINCENT CRUMMLES play something, anything, no matter what, we leave it to him.

Mr. "CORIN" gives a list of managers and actors whom he considers worthy of being mentioned, by him, as models for imitation in their public capacity and private life. Very nice and very kind, though to name examples seems invidious. But, speaking for ourselves and the public generally, as with a great Minister, or Lawyer, so with the artist, how, as far as the interests of the public are concerned, private life can affect professional performance, we do not quite see. As an artist, be he author, actor, painter, or sculptor, the public have to judge him. For his work as an artist the public

pays, and so long as he honourably, and in a businesslike manner, discharges his part of his contract with the public, why should the public wish to go outside that contract, in order to pry into his domestic life, which is no business of theirs at all?

We do not refuse our guinea for a stall to hear Signor UPAGINI, because that unrivalled artist ran away with another man's wife; nor do we shut our eyes and stop our ears when Signora TRILLA enters upon the stage, because we happen to know, what all the world knows as well as ourselves, where her diamonds come from, and how two gentlemen of family and position ruined themselves utterly for this marvellously-gifted Syren. No; we thank our stars—our operative Stars—for their voices and execution, and listen enchanted.

We are far from denying that, accidentally, the knowledge of a professional person's spotless character in private life adds a separate and distinct pleasure to the delight his performance gives us, if he be an artist, or to our interviews with him if he be a solicitor, portrait painter, barrister or even doctor; though we can't see that such knowledge would be any comfort to us in the case of a dentist. However, enough said on this subject, which, after all, is of little real consequence to anybody outside a limited domestic circle.

We turn with pleasure to the green covers of *In a Grass Country*, by Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON. It begins in a fishing village, and proceeds to hunting-quarters, later on, quite seasonably. It commences with a "smack" country, and goes to a "crack" country. The three heroines are charming each in her own way. It is well sketched, full of character, with sharp observations on men and women—not too hard on anybody—a clear story carefully written, and therefore easily read. Recommended.

Here too is delightful reading! *The Pychley Book of Refined Cookery and Bills of Fare*—the only bills we care to see, though we won't say we are not sometimes a little afraid of them. It is compiled by "Major L. . . ."

But Major L.'s arrangement of menus is not, on the whole, so good as Sir HENRY HOLLAND's in his admirable work on *Food and Feeding*, because the idea is not based on the excellent principle of getting at your *pièces de résistance* as soon as possible, and then going in for your palate-ticklers and high art dishes if you will. Not that the Major is always for the kickshaws first and the substantiality last, for "Variety" is his motto, and his receipts seem to be excellent. A well-arranged book this,—bills first, and the receipts to follow. Also recommended for the use of English Students, and, of course, Irish Stew-dents.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



This represents the status quo ante—"Stay, tusk! Whoa, Aunty!" (Police!!)



Boy-Cotting in Ireland.



A Panalavist.



The Cansous.



A Cabbin' it Counsel.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PICTURES OF THE PRINCE'S NEXT TOUR-ANYWHERE.

(With Mr. Punch's compliments to the Illustrated Papers.)



1. The Prince puts one foot before the other; 2. The Prince takes his Hat off; 3. The Prince puts it on again; 4. The Prince has a Donkey-ride; 5. The Prince goes to Church; 6. The Prince goes Yachting; 7. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales feels Sleepy; 8. The Prince snores; 9. The Prince blows his Nose; 10. The Prince in a Lift; 11. The Prince lays a Stone; 12. The Prince smokes another Cigarette; 13. Ceremony of Opening an Oyster by the Prince of Wales; 14. H.R.H. inspects Our Special Artist's Sketches; 15. H.R.H. kindly dispensing with Our Artist's attendance.

NOTES FROM THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

(Three Days' Report.)

MR. J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., is the right man, the rightest man possible, but for once, in the wrong place at a Church Congress. *Qu'allait-il faire dans cette galère?* Much better to have liberated his soul and have testified in an Art Congress, or in the Council Room at Burlington Arcade—my. Girls brought up from childhood to earn their living as Professional Models are, we should be inclined to say, in a large proportion, if not a majority, of cases, as modest as young ladies educated in the strictest stew'd-prune fashion. It is the same with the hard-working ballet-girl, similarly reared, and with the actress who, coming of a theatrical family, has been earning her bread by the Stage ever since she could first toddle on in a Drury Lane Pantomime. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

J. C. HORSLEY

Wouldn't put it coarsely,
[But explains to the Clerical Society,
That artists, with their paints
Are not all saints,
Nor their models, all models of propriety.

There is still an official called "The Chaplain of the Fleet." It is no longer a prison chaplaincy, but a naval one, and is held at the present moment by the Rev. Mr. HARDORD. Appropriately he should change his name to STARBOARD or LARBOARD, though the latter is, we believe, obsolete. But, if names are to be appropriate, how fitting it would have been if the Chaplain of the Fleet, in old days, had been Dean SWIFT?

The Rev. Canon G. VENABLES insisted that what was wanted generally among the Clergy was "heartiness." Let them "be hearty, and not extravagant." "There ought," said the Canon, "to be a carefully drawn up, lively, hearty office for the institution of a Priest to the charge of a parish." First-rate notion. This is where "The Church and Stage Guild" might come in usefully and ornamentally; also the Ballet. Put it under the management of the Rev. AUGUSTUS HARRIS of Drury Lane. Dances of Parishioners by DAURAN, and of the Infant and Sunday Schools by Madame KATIE LAMMER's pupils. Full-blown Brass Band in attendance. Canons to right of him, Canons to left of him, and the Great Instituted himself in the middle. Then the Canon VENABLES says, "The people themselves should be the leaders in that peculiar office." Well, he is right—it would be a very peculiar office. But he is wrong in suggesting the people as leaders, as they would be mere amateurs. No; leave it to professionals. The Author of *Saints and Sinners*—not Dr. DORAN, but Mr. HERMANN WILSON JONES of the Oxford Street Circuit, Author of *The Rev. Mr. Claudian* and other light and leading plays, might sketch out the plot for the occasion.

The general impression was that, as the seating everywhere had been vastly improved, some further addition might be made to the forms.

The Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK spoke on the Church and the Press, but drew in his horns. After this he talked about books and magazines. He recommended every parish "to fill its basket with good wheat, and then there will be no room for chaff." Won't there? *Mr. Punch*, the Universal Parishioner, will provide him with a lot of it. If he has no use for it, he may return it, if he can.

The question of good books was, of course, brought under consideration. Several of the Clergy would have volunteered some useful opinions on "good books" for the Cesarwirth and the Cambridgeshire, but consented to defer their remarks until the discussion on the "Native Races" came on. It was rumoured that a sporting Archdeacon had said he wished he were ARCHER. But this report, like children under twelve, has not been confirmed.

Finally, it was carried with acclamation that the Church Congress next year should be held at Wakefield. Of course, *mais cela va sans dire*, it will be under the Presidency of Mr. HENRY IRVING as the Vicar, faced by Vice-Chairman, Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, of *Wideawakefield*, smoking his Poet WILLS's bird's-eye, YARDLEY and STEPHENS's own mixture. The Congress then dissolved itself and went home early.



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"AN, SIR, WE DON'T OFTEN GET A LEG LIKE YOURS TO FIT! THERE'S SOME CREDIT IN FITTING A LEG LIKE YOURS, I CAN TELL YOU!"

AFTER-THOUGHTS.

(From Lord Gravelle's Note-book.)

Mem, on retiring to rest Friday night, October 10th.—Jubilee of Municipal Corporations over! The Provincial Mayors oughtn't to have dined at the Freemasons' Tavern, they're all such "Odd Fellows." Think I made a real hit this evening. CROSS and BLACKWELL—I mean CROSS and BALFOUR—(*Mem.* Wish I'd pretended *lapseus lingua*, and spoken of them as CROSS and BLACKWELL—pretty pickle they'd have been in—think out this notion for next opportunity)—speaking first, made it all the better for me.

Happy hit of mine about my "not being able to go anywhere out yachting without meeting a Cabinet Minister." It told immensely. Regret I didn't immediately add, "and I need hardly say they were 'all at sea.'" If that had been given in my usual quietly humorous way, with a sly glance right and left, it would have been enormous. Note it for next chance.

Then when I said that BALFOUR and CROSS had "taken the wind out of my sails," which the Mayors of the sea-side places specially enjoyed,—in fact I thought the Mayor of Hull would have had a fit, he laughed so heartily,—I ought to have added that "next month they won't be troubling themselves about my sails, as they'll be busy about their own canvass."

This sort of thing tells immensely at the moment, and precisely the same good opening, once missed, seldom occurs again. But, *Happy Thought*—that joke about "canvass" will come into my next speech at the Royal Academy Banquet. It will go even better there. Wish that years ago I had begun writing for *Punch*. Just getting into proper form for it now. . . . Let me see—did I wind up my watch? . . . Wonder how my speech will look to-morrow morning in the papers? . . . Think it's all right. . . . Wish I'd always been writing for *Punch*. . . . Might have been Editor now. . . . However, what's not done can't be helped. . . . (*Mem.* to say this of a joint *un peu saignant*) . . . *Je vais me coucher . . . bonne nuit . . .*

THE MUSICAL FITCH.

TAR-WATER is an excellent thing for the throat. Mr. SIMS REEVES, the Incomparable, says that, up to the present time, he has always contrived to preserve his voice by carefully pitching his notes.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

IV.—FROM THE UNSLEEPING PARTNER.

Birmingham, Monday.



EAR TOBY,

I GLADLY seize the opportunity of a quiet day to write a few lines to you, hoping they will find you well, as they leave me at present. I daresay you have observed that I have of late been on the wing. My colleagues may go fishing, or shooting, or yachting; but I am a man of business, and accustomed to attend to business. H-N-T-N-T-N and H-NRY J-M-S may have made good bags since the Twelfth. But I fancy that since I went out on the tramp at the beginning of August, I have brought down more birds.

By the way, what has become of H-NRY J-M-S? We were accustomed at this period of the year to hear him twittering at Taunton, or some

other place, settling imperial affairs. He has not appeared upon the scene as yet, and is, I think, on the whole well advised. He is a pretty young man, but not strong enough to swim in the troubled waters of politics.

Now, I like it, TOBY. I do not care about your spells of fair weather such as we had immediately on going out of office. There was for me too much bowing and scraping between the two Front Benches. It was a very thin crust, I know, and would have broken through in a twinkling if the Tories had gone wrong on any point. But, artificial as it was, it did not suit my taste, and so I broke away, beginning at Hull, and going, as J-M-S L-WTH-N humorously puts it, to a place that differs only by a vowel.

I have enjoyed myself immensely during the past six weeks. There is only one thing necessary to complete my satisfaction. I should like to know what GL-DST-NE, H-N-T-N-T-N, and H-N-C-UT-R think of my goings on. I don't believe GL-DST-NE cares very much. He means to be out of it soon, and in the meantime is very much of my opinion on the points I have raised, only declines to take any fresh departures. H-N-T-N-T-N is, I fancy, chiefly bored. He does not bear me any malice, but would be exceedingly obliged if I wouldn't be bringing up new things. He will come along slowly, with one hand in his pocket and a scowl on his face, like a man who has got up too early in the morning. But he'll come, and if the Tories are looking to him to put a spoke in my wheel, they'll find their mistake.

But H-N-C-R-T? Ah! that would be funny if it were not too pathetic. I remember, as it were but yesterday, how he came down to Birmingham, and patronised me. That was some half-a-dozen years ago, and his prospects were looking very brilliant. He was, next to GLADSTONE, the crack speaker on the Liberal side. He had his triumphal progress, in the course of which he visited Birmingham, and all the papers were full of what he said, and what they had to say thereupon. He was running straight for the reversion of the Leadership of the Liberal party, and though I don't believe that, in any circumstances, he would have won the prize, he at least had the satisfaction of contemplating it as within his reach. But where is he now? Though I say it what shouldn't, there's a comet in the sky, and the ordinary constellations are singing very small.

I was much amused the other day to read his warm tribute of admiration of myself. Some people might think he was jealous. On the contrary, he was delighted, and could not say too much in praise of "my right hon. friend." And there is C-RTH-Y, too, not usually regarded as a humorist. But what could exceed the humour of his appearance in Somersetshire, making a speech in

support of a resolution advocating "Union among the different sections of the Liberal Party under the leadership of Mr. GL-DST-NE?" Yet even amid the mental anxiety attendant upon the unwonted exertion of making a joke, C-RTH-Y did not fail to pay a tribute to me.

These are little things, but they show how the wind is blowing. I shall get my own way in the end, a success largely attributable to the fact that I have a way unmistakably indicated and resolutely followed. Amid a company of shifting politicians anxiously looking out for a sign, a man capable of making the sign himself and dauntlessly construing it, is certain to have a following. Ponder on these things, my young friend, apply them to the direction of your own affairs, and may Heaven bless you.

I generally conclude my addresses with a verse of poetry. But I have during my tour used up a large stock, and you will probably excuse me, and believe me to be

Yours faithfully, J. CH-MB-RL-N.

To TOBY, M.P., The Kennel, Barks.

P.S.—I have just grown a new orchid. Mean to call it after F-NST-R, for whom, as I mentioned at Bradford, I have a great esteem. Besides F-NST-R always had an orchid manner.

A SCARE FOR SPORTSMEN.



"Fox et præterea nil?"—but it was a Stag, after all!

While staying with Count FÆSTETICS he went a good deal about the country, visiting the peasants' cottages, and performing many kind acts of charity. The sport in the preserves of Count FÆSTETICS was very good. Among the "game" shot were forty-two foxes, of which eleven fell to the Prince's gun. The fox is not held to be free in Hungary.

His acts of charity included relieving the poor in the Hungary districts. Excellent. But now as to the sporting extraordinary. The Prince may, according to the telegram, "preserve the strictest incognito," but, evidently from this, he was not inclined to strictly preserve foxes. That Count FÆSTETICS—no, we beg his pardon, Count ATHLETICS—no, dear us, wrong again—we should say, Count FÆSTETICS—should be a Vulpeculist, is what would naturally be expected of a "furriner." But that some eleven foxes should have fallen victims to H.R.H.'s deadly aim! Heavens!—when, as we were preparing to justify the conduct of H.R.H. in the eyes of English sportsmen, up-stairs rushed a boy with some other evening's *Globe*, containing this correction of the above information:—

"His Royal Highness, it seems, shot seven stags the other day, not foxes, as was incorrectly stated at the time."

Ah! the world of sport breathes again. Some Securities have gone up with a bound. Stags are very like Foxes in Hungary, hence the mistake. But what if H.R.H. had indeed shot foxes in Hungary, he would only have been acting in accordance with his rule which has made him everywhere so popular; that is, of doing in furrin parts as furrin parties do. However, he "did not shoot that fox, brave boys!" and he can sing, with the sailor in *Pinafore*, that, "in spite of all temptations" (to shoot foxes) "he remained an Englishman," an English sportsman, and let Brer Fox go free.

NEWS FOR THE SANDWICH-MEN IN LONDON.—The old town of Sandwich is once again to have a port and harbour. Sir WATKIN is said to be taking considerable interest in the movement. If it succeeds, he will take more later on. This is now one of the many burning Eastern questions—a South-Eastern question, of course.

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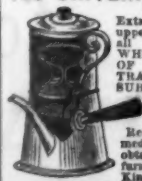
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